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 Poetry
A Magazine of Verse

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IN FRANCE (1916-1918)

INSOUCIANCE

IN and out of the dreary trenches,
Trudging cheerily under the stars,
I make for myself little poems
Delicate as a flock of doves.

They fly away like white-winged doves.

TWO IMPRESSIONS

I

The colorless morning glides upward
Over the marsh and ragged trees.

Though our mood be sombre
And our bodies angry for more sleep,

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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

This feathered softness of pale light,
Falling negligently upon us,
Delights us.

II

High above the drab barren ground
Three herons beat across the dawn-blue sky.
They drift slowly away
Until they appear
As three horizontal umber brush-strokes
On finely shaded cobalt.
And the mist, driven by the wind
Up and across the distant hill,
Gleams like soft white hair
Brushed amorously backward!

COMPENSATION

As I dozed in a chilly dug-out
I dreamt that Li-Taï-Pé, the sage,
And Sappho, the divine Lesbian,
And Abou-Nawas, the friend of Khalifs,
Came to me saying:
"There can be no death of beauty;
Endure—we also suffered."

And for a token of their love they gave me
A gold chrysanthemum, a fiery rose,
And a cleft-open, dew-wet nectarine.